If they had read my fortune,

would they see that independence is in my destiny,

a hint of color among the hazy dreams,

Would the fortune-tellers find it? I don't know.

Perhaps in the grace of a flower,

I am in that void between the ease with which it is crushed.

Perhaps life is not suited to me,

and I’m at the point where I must write my will.

Perhaps I should chart a course for the sorrow within me,

and send it to those who say, "You must live life,"

to the realms of thought, so you may understand me most deeply,

I should book tickets for you to go,

You’re getting on my nerves because you don’t understand.

Yes, there is a cycle in my mind on a warm evening,

This time, however, I am calm, I have faith in life

I’ve cast off pessimism—what’s the point?

It's calling me, lightly and flirtatiously.

My dreams are still hazy,

My gray-green hues like the Dötan trees,

inspire me, indeed, slowing me down,

touching my soul and suddenly why is it leaving?

A glass of wine I tried to drink,

but I grew cold toward it and lost my mind,

If it's been drunk for years,

do I have to like it too?

Damn popular culture, my poems are imprisoned with me,

I am a person of this age, truly.

There are delusions in my head telling me I'm a failure,

and the thing is,

yes, my hands truly won't hold.

Sometimes I seek patience in those tiny hands,

or I seek a soul in that beautiful heart,
since I saw a spiritual eternity,
I want to surrender to loving you.

There's no need to write with melancholy,
a few lines from life are the essence of this poem,
I write with one hand, a beer in my left hand,
this poem has no meaning,
but isn't that last drop,
it's bitter.
Another bottle is finished, this situation is unbelievable,
as if I were born to write poetry, I'm not writing about my situation,
The cats are meowing—what are they saying? Now I understand,
I think I'm really dying,
I should take my girlfriend out to dinner tomorrow,
she probably loves me.
Though she's also trying to talk to me,
she's trying to put me in a box,
how nice can a bedspread smell,
you should see it after a bottle,
I miss that taxi driver, you know…
I had two doubles, and no one told me I was getting better,
on the contrary, I'm heading toward the worst,
if the worst doesn't come to me, I'll meet it with respect,
or with hatred,
a sea of questions, questions and more questions.
I listen to a song, repeating the lyrics,
I move away from the screen, I find myself.
I love you but I don't miss you at all,
you should be nothing without me, you shouldn't be with me.
But you shouldn't ask me either,
how about yours?

...

Did you come here? You're alone here.

If the thoughts in your head are a storm,

if I am a shelter for you to take refuge in,

spit in my face, if I say "thank God,"

worship me.

The lights are so sweet to my eyes,

I want to be drunk every day,

I want to lose myself every day,

I want to escape my sorrows,

I want to be the sea because that's what I desire.

I want to be myself,

My actions can't be without consequence,

two liquids will decide,

will it be your absence that decides,

or the cobblestones in my mind,

I placed each stone myself,

how can I tear them down, people,

they are developing a thought about it, but existence is like that,

now it occurred to me,

you came to mind too.

Where did the idea come from that I don't like drinking poison?

I drink poison,

maybe I'll die as an antidote, or I'm a victim of poison.

But know that I am a savior,

maybe I’ll step back into the background, but,

I’ll receive two or three blessings, believe me,

but I don't believe I'm in that state,

Believe me when I say it's poison, if it's poison, it's poison,

or it's the poison of the mind, or it's the rat poison in the bottle,

or it’s the cigarette or the beer, which aren’t poison,

but maybe my mind has drifted too much into reality to write concretely,

but I was usually abstract, take a look if you like.

My abstracts, take a look if you like,

I love you.

Could this inspiration be my source,

or the only thing that loves me,

or the persona created by these fake smiles,

could it be your absence,

Have you seen how I cling to you in everything,

I sleep with your soul every day,

I wake up with your soul,

I get up with you,

I go to bed with you,

You're a blast,

you know,

you're yourself,

you're mine.

Butterflies aren't in my stomach,

I'm not the one who wrote this metaphor,

but if one of those strange seeds in my head were to come out and speak every day,

it would say, "I love this work, write more,"

because I am the sea,

I am myself and I will remain myself,

ask this beer bottle.

Inspiration?

I want to burn everyone

who created my brain,

I want to have fun,

Who created this feeling of mine,

screw my ambition,

living? No, let that stay,

but if they had listened to me,

I wouldn't have been born.

neutral

neutral

neutral

Have you ever said "stop" to God?
Did the sky hear you,
did you finish your prayers?
While you were still trying to be the subject of your past,
your future was rotting in a dump.
You weren't even aware.

Your life cannot carry such a heavy substance,
and I don't think this divine thing
will reach my ears.
Only rhythm plays inside me,
only inspiration whispers—
like a hello
that reaches no one.
Not even the devil.

You are not there.
Perhaps you were a sidekick.
You never were...
You could never be.
Your life is like the thorns
of a rose stretching toward oblivion.
You assumed you existed
yet you never were.

Did I see a white crumb
in a blue expanse?
Green trees envy its beauty.
Let silhouettes not look at me anymore,
if they do,
there will be an outcry.
If only it were quick.
Either the end, or salvation.

It is not a song that ignites the passion within me,

If you don't know you can turn back, you won't be the trigger of dead-end situations,

you won't be the trigger.

That's not you.

Tomorrow you'll ask your self that contradicts your own existence,

Say hello to it, greet it,it knows me.

Perhaps his heart will warm, though I don't believe it,

but never say never, God whispers to me,

like a revelation.

If I say it, they won't believe me.

Don't think I'm myself, don't think I'm myself.

In your presence, I destroyed myself,

And with my own hands, without ever feeling that unbearable pain,

I shattered piece by piece,

But by whom,

I don't know,

I don't want to know.

I accepted it, I visited it,

a mind lacking reason,

a voice from the heart should echo,

you should love me again

The philosophy of your soul, actually,

is aware without a series of deep questions,

I am not the solution, you are not the problem,

But you are not aware either,

Perhaps you never wanted to be aware,
You never loved me.

But you thought I would believe those lines,

those letters that came, the stamps,

the hearts in the corners of the pages,
but I had already resigned long ago,

because I was fully aware;

you never loved me.

The more you belittled me, the more you moved me around,

you don't believe that I'm fading away, longing to fly away,

Don't believe me, don't believe me so much that I forget what honesty means,

Don’t feel ashamed, so ashamed that I’ll erase your pride.

But you won’t find me in anyone else.

Aren't the stars beautiful?

The moon is half-lit, the other half in darkness?
Do you remember what it means to you and me?

If I’m darkness, are you light?

If I am light, you are not darkness.

You're having fun.

I've become numb, stiff, yet warmth comes from within,

But this time it won't break through; I've blocked it.

Perhaps every star is within this dream,

Do you remember?
Can't you see?
You're the only fool.

I'm emotionless; today is the hundredth day of hating myself.

February 14th, the day of my beloved,

But I couldn't love myself,

Sunny days are forbidden, thorny flowers are off-limits to me.

Drink to calm down, drink for fun,

Drink to grieve, or to live life?

Or to hold oneself accountable, where has choosing the difficult path gone?

So much so that people want the cheap option for themselves,

the expensive is on the roads; the issue is never money, but always labor.

Everyone is foolish, searching for themselves within nothingness.

Today, my motivation was triggered,

but when every task is difficult, even my motivation…

even my motivation's motivation is gone.

Uncertainty is an eternal part of my life,

but this much is too much even for the devil,

in a sort of cluster of uncertainty,

along with question marks that have wings but cannot fly,

I am taking steps toward non-existence.

I suppose my end will be suicide.

From the whiskey flask I didn't bring with me,

I drank a lot today.

I received advice today from a drunkenness I wasn't in.

So many things happened today that I forgot myself, but I have no time.

Why is the path ahead always uncertain,

even if the world were laid out before me, I’d still have time to think about my steps.

Either because I’m not the subject of a paparazzi’s lens,

or because I can’t make myself the subject of my own life.

Or maybe I'm just an idiot, I could say.

Sometimes I wonder what it's like to slit one's wrists,

sometimes I worry about what it means to behead someone.

Sometimes I want to kill someone, to shed blood,

sometimes I want to be an angel, to take someone to heaven.

But I know that mankind is the devil, and if I were to cut most of them without knowing,

my good deeds would outweigh my sins, and God would praise me.

I'm not a sadist, but my curiosities hunt me down.

Sometimes I want to be apart from everyone, to wear a crown of immortality,

and peel off my own skin.

To enter another person's body and mimic them.

No, I'm not a psychopath because thoughts linger in the mind,

but bastards bring them to life.

When my feelings slowly fade away, I must find this poem,

no trace of fate is written on my forehead,

but I know this life won't exist without me.

I suppose.

I've lived a life that would make everyone jealous,

I think the time to end it is near,

if this poem reaches my family, don't worry,

they know who I am,

after all, I'm a cheerful person who enjoys life,

I don't want to peel my own skin and spill my blood,

right?

---

imagine another way out,

life is suffocating you,

maybe you're backing up on a path without an uphill slope,

you just haven't looked back and imagined the uphill climb,

Imagine another way out,

your life is suffocating,

you'll die as if you never existed,

just stop loving everyone before you're forgotten.

Imagine another way out,

your life is ending,

tap on your grave as if you hadn't died,

just wish to become one with the earth,

let them cry as they look back.

How many poems have I written to escape my responsibilities?

I asked myself today,

Does God frighten me?

I am now afraid of being alone.

Sometimes I feel the loneliness of those I know,

I turn the very dust of my non-existence into reality,

but if you ask, I'm an abstract writer, right?

Why is everything so hard?

Don't come near me anymore,

I’m tired of hearing the voices, I know I can’t succeed either,

be quiet now, give me first aid, while I’m deprived of the medicines I can’t speak of,

please understand my situation, I'm dying.

They still say I'm missed,

but I don't know what goes on in their minds,

but I rarely dwell on such matters,

Question marks surround me.

I wish to live in a world where hatred doesn't flow through my arms.

Where sorrow doesn't wander the streets knocking on doors,

where joy isn't forced out of the body like mud under my feet,

where my hands hold onto happiness, pulling it close to me.

But if life were only about what we desire, how easy it would be, yet,

Life begins after clashing with everyone,

life begins after trying to work,

life begins after trying to begin.